A HOOSIER VIOLINIST

Honor Conferred on Her at the Cincinnati College of Music-Her Home Life.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. CINCINNATI, Nov. 14.-Miss E. Jeanette Orlopp, daughter of Richard Orlopp, agent of the Humane Society in Indianapolis, has received a unique and distinguished honor from the Cincinnati College of Music. Having completed the regular violin course last year, she is now a post graduate student pursuing instruction under a post graduate her distinguished merit. No other gradan indomitable worker, and says she means violin playing. With excellent health, a joyous nature and the inspiration of ge- of last week probably originated in this mfus, her master believes, he says, that ber | city, from the report that became current ambition will be realized. Her master is Signor Leandro Campanari.

"Jeanette is a wonder, a phenomenon," he said to a Journal representative to-day. now one of the strongest woman violin players in the country. In technique she ranks with Camilla Urso, but has more virility. She is so constituted that she will to be a student in forms of execution. Her playing is marked with a warmth of tone and a brilliance that denotes a perfect mental grasp of her theme. It appeals to the heart and the intellect. It shows an individuality of conception but an artist with her soul speaking eloa masterly interpreter, and no beyond her grasp. Her genius includes the virility and vigor of the best playing, as well as the subtlest ory seem inexhaustible, so that her repertoire is unusual. In mind, soul and body, Jeanette presents conditions less in time. I am in hopes she may take a European trip, not for further instruction, but only to breathe for a time the musical atmosphere of the old music-loving countries. We are very proud of her in the

Signor Campanari talked with enthusiasm. He has made her his assistant in the college, and has placed one of his own chil-dren under her instruction. She says, however, that she enjoys concertizing better than teaching. She has appeared at several private recitals at the homes of society leaders, and has received an invitation to join the Ladies' Matinee Musicale without examination—another very unusual honor. She will be the soloist, the Signor says, at the orchestral recital in December. It is expected that she will make her debut in New York in the spring. MISS ORLOPP AT HOME.

Miss Orlopp is a South Side girl, who was born in her present home on Olive street. It is not really surprising that she develop into such a wonderful violinist when her parentage is considered. Her father is a Russian and was born in the dominion of the Czar, Violin talent being so rare among Americans many people have wondered and commented on the fact that this bit of a girl, born in this city, had become such a fine per-Miss Orlopp has never appeared in public in this city but once. She took the entertainment given by the Press Club last April and received a round of applause and comments from so many people whose ability as music critics is so here to become alarmed lest it should turn her head and spoil her work. The Press Club matinee, at which she appeared, also had on its proramme several members of the well-known Bostonians. The follow-ing extract from the Journal of the next morning shows what they thought of Miss

"When Eugene Cowles saw by the pro-gramme that Miss Orlopp intended to play Wieniawski's arrangement of 'Faust' fan-tasie he remarked that he feared that she was undertaking more than one so young could successfully perform. In speaking of Miss Orlopp after he heard her he said that she had hardly touched the bow to the rings when he recognized that the instruqualified to handle it. As she progressed he sat perfectly enraptured, surprised that such a violinist had remained so long unknown. He said that masters of the violin were so rare among the American people that it was simply wonderful that a mere girl of fifteen could accomplish what Miss Orlopp had in less than three years' study under a master. He could not say too much for her, and at the reception sought her out and expressed his appreciation of her work. Jessie Bartlett Davis was in her dressing room when she heard the violin. She immediately came out and stood in the wings, listening with the closest attention, remarking occasionally on the quality of the music. She said she had never heard such music except from some of the well-known masters, and did not take her eyes from Miss Orlopp during the entire time of the music. S. L. Studley, music director of the Bostonians, was an attentive and enraptured listener. He remarked afterward that Miss Orlopp's name would be placed among those of the violin masters of the world; that she would be, if not so already, one of the masters of that instrument. He laid especial stress upon her seemingly natural manner of handling the violin and bow. Such touch, he said, could never be taught—it must be inborn." Miss Orlopp and her family were very much pleased that her first public appear-ance outside of Cincinnati, where she stud-

ahould tend to prove that even this truism has its exceptions. The home of the Orlopps is an unpretentious two-story frame house on Olive street, which was built for them in the early seventies, and has been their home. since that time. Mr. Orlopp was for many years a passenger conductor on the I. & St. L. rallroad, now the St. Louis divi-sion of the Big Four. To properly provide for the musical education of Miss Or-lopp has been a heavy drain upon the fam-ily purse, but it has been met at the sacrilee of all else that is dear to this life. Brothers and a sister have made innumerable sacrifices that this talent should not be neglected. Her sister, Miss Lizzie Orop, has been her constant companion during the time she has been in Cincinnati, and watches over her. While it is not Miss Orlopp's nature to impose upon others by accepting too liberally of their sacrifices, she has been taught for several years that

ted, should be in her own home. They have

often had occasion to realize the truth of the biblical saying that "a prophet is not

without honor save in his own country," and consequently were very much gratified that her appearance in her own home

she should preserve all her energies for the perfection of her studies. Miss Orlopp has a slender, girlish form that readily impresses her hearers with the fact that she is only a month more than sixteen years of age. In expression she has often been described as having the face of the Madonna, the expression of her face being strangely sweet. The news of her success in Cincinnati will be received by her many friends here with pleasure.

When one thinks of the years it takes for

Care of Trees.

a tree to grow to any size, he wonders at the temerity of man that he can deliberately cut it down. I have seen trees that I would give many dollars to have on my small estate ruthlessly destroyed for the purpose of widening streets that were already wide enough. Country streets, too, that do not have to be laid out with such regard to straight lines as those of the town. In this connection, I am interested to a paragraph that I found in the current per of The American Architect and allding News, in which the attention of hose Americans who are interested in the material welfare of their country is called to the work Mr. George W. Vanderbilt is doing on his North Carolina estate. He is making there a sort of model forest, "where scientific forestry is to be practised and experiments made in acclimating valuable foreign trees, and in the most profitable management of

can farmers and land-owners everywhere.' With this in view, says our informant, Mr. Vanderbilt proposes "to build on his property a little village, including not only a notel, but houses and stores, where people interested in agriculture, who come propery introduced, may rent rooms or houses for themselves and familles for such time as they may desire to study the work going on upon the estate." This work, I may add, is in the hands of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, of this city, one of the two or three Americans who have made forestry a

A FAKE STORY.

How It Traveled and Increased in Importance as It Moved Along.

At somewhat irregular intervals a series of fake stories becomes public property throughout the country and harasses newspaper reporters with fruitless work in attempting to trace out some supposed or reported daring robbery or diabolical scheme of some kind. Their origin is usually insignificant, but they come at a time when they must be investigated or the one hearing the rumors stands a long/chance of being 'scooped." The past week has been prolific of such stories. Taken altogether, newspapers have paid large sums for queries sent to other cities and for useless and needless explanations in return. The many rumors on the streets about midnight Wednesday night that a St. Louis diamond salesman had been robbed on the Big Four train just after it left here for Cincinnati. This story was told in a rather "fishy" manner by a man at the Grand Hotel and was soon in the ears of the local reporters. The telegraph and the long-distance telephone were brought into service. The railroad company had heard nothing of the robbery. A talk over the telephone with the Enquirer at Cincinnati failed to throw any light on the story, but served to put the reporters of that city on the trail of what might possibly have turned out to be an important news item. The story had been told in so many places here that it seemed as if it deserved some explanation in the press, so those who had heard the rumor might know that it was not true. The story as related by the only man who seemed to know anything about it was printed, but with it the statement that it was probably a fake and the reasons for such belief. Of course the story was sent out from here by enterprising correspondents who did not want to allow their respondents who did not want to allow their papers to get "scooped," and for the secondary reason that they get paid according to the amount of space they fill. This seemed to start the ball rolling.

It was too late when this story was sent out Wednesday night for it to materialize into a story with some other place as the scene until the next day. The story of the supposed diamond robbery traveled in the meantime, and gathered extra touches as it went. It was next heard from in St. Louis, where it was an express robbery on the

went. It was next heard from in St. Louis, where it was an express robbery on the Louisville division of the Big Four. This story was worked for one night and Thursday was prolific of rumors. The amount of the loss kept growing until at midnight Thursday queries were received here from more than a dozen papers, located in half as many cities, to know if any information could be given shout a train robbery. could be given about a train robbery. So many of these queries came that the men in the local offices began to think there really had been a robbery of some kind, and the telephone was again brought into service. This time the robbery was located on the Michigan division of the Big Four. Believing that the agent of the road at Greens. ing that the agent of the road at Greens-burg would know as soon as anyone if such a robbery had occurred, he was called on the telephone. He was not at all surprised at the question put to him. He said he had just been talking with the train dispatcher at Cincinnati in regard to the reports and had made an effort to locate a robbery if there had been one. He had asked a number of the operators on his division, but they all expressed their ignorance of the affair, but none were much surprised, for they had heard the rumors. It was then growing late, or rather early in the morning, and the correspondents were compelled to wire their papers that nothing could be learned of the robbery.

But the story was then on the go and was to be heard from again. Like a cat, it had enough lives to survive the heavy blows that had been given it. Early Friday evening more queries began coming and a perfect deluge of them—all to the financial benefit of the telegraph companies—began com-ing in. This time the location of the rob-bery was somewhat in doubt, but it was on the north end of the Michigan division of the Big Four. Along about midnight Marion came to the front with a startling plece of news in the shape of a bulletin sent out by the Associated Press, announcing that a \$50,000 train robbery had oc-curred on the Michigan division of the Big Four at a point north of Marion. Of course this bulletin went to many newspapers that had received no previous information on the subject. A new set of queries then began coming in, and the explanations that there was nothing in the story had to be made

The story is not yet dead, and is likely to be heard of again from some other point of the compass, or the reading of these many different rumors may start a chain of thought in the mind of some bold highwayman and really cause a robbery before the story finally ends.

GAMBLING IN MEXICO.

Characters Met with in the Gaming Rooms of the Capital City.

Enter a Mexican gambling saloon when things are a little slack and you will see the habitues of the monte table discussing the topics of the day, while they roll their cigarettes and loll back in their chairs as if they had met for no other purpose. Seated on a chair a little removed from the table is a man who has probably inhabited the gambling saloon for days past. He is now overcome with sleep, and as he sits from side to side one wonders how he can A tight croquet or a roll together. keep his seat or how it is that his greasy tall hat does not topple off. Then you will see an unshaven, ill-kempt fellow, nursing his knee and moodily gazing at the roulette table for hours, while the little ball spins around and the croupler rakes in the coin and hands out the winnings with machine-like deftness and accuracy. No one ever suspects the croupier. Nine out of ten of those who bet and win have no idea of what is coming to them. But they take what the croupier gives them

as a matter of course. He has no induce-ment to cheat, for the bank is not his, and any way the bank must win in the long run, come what may, A Chinaman may saunter in to give some animation to the table. He asks for no chips, but wagers hard, cold silver. Where the Mexican lays \$1 he will lay five, and oftener than not he wins. With the absence of undignified hurry and eagerness peculiar to the Oriental, he does not take his win-nings at once, but produces a cigarette, rolls and lights it and then lays hold of his dollars. You will be sure to see at any table a mild lunatic, with paper and pencil before him, noting each point and slowly laying the foundations of a "new and infallible system." As if there were any way

of obviating a law of nature. Now and then a young gambler will en-ter, bringing with him the heavy laden at-mosphere of a gust of fresh air from the street. He will bet and have a run of luck that will draw to him the attention of all the lack-laster eyes that surround the table. One or more will gradually sidle up to him, and with parched, trembling lips ask him where he is going to place his money and ask leave to follow his lead.

Where but round the gambling table do

you see so many and such striking examples of statuesque immobility? You count not by minutes but by hours the time that gray-haired votary of chance has sat with his hands folded on the table, and his eyes fixed on vacancy. And how much longer will he stay in that posture? Perhaps until the lamps are turned off in the gray morning or he summons up energy enough to stagger off to the pawnshop to raise a pit-tance. And that man who has sat so long with his head buried in his hands, what is he thinking of? Perhaps of the home as it once was, and as it might have been still. A sprinkling of Anglo-Saxons is generally there to give heightened plquancy to the scene. A "sporty" railroad conductor just n from his run, perhaps, goes there to try his luck, and you may see the tattered, de-moralized specimen of his race, who in sheer pity has been given a trial and turned off by all the American enterprises in Mexico. How does he get a living now?

Ameliorate. Detroit Tribune.

"Too many people living in cities?" re-peated the trolley. "Oh, I won't do a thing but ameliorate that condition." Saying which it stopped on the side of the street farthest from the people who were

Flower Mission.

The Flower Mission newsboys reported Saturday morning to the distributing committee of the Woman's Edition of the Sentised and experiments made in acclimating valuable foreign trees, and in the most profitable management of the native species; but every one doesn't know that his plan includes horticulture and agriculture, as well as forestry, and that he wishes, and hopes, to make his experiments valuable to Ameri-

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

At Storm Lake. O the summer days at Storm Lake, Like dreams they follow me, And taunt me with the beauty O dewy days that blossomed In the garden of the past, And died away in melody Too exquisite to last! O rosy days, still whispering Of joys that glittered by, When the warbling waters listened To the wooing of the sky, When the climbing vines were garmented In gowns of living green, And the fickle fountains dallied With the flowers in between-At Storm Lake.

O the summer nights at Storm Lake-They hover round my heart Like a troop of fairy visitants, Reluctant to depart; They carol of the starlight, And mingle their refrain With the old caressing cadence Of a stroll in Lovers' Lane; They babble to my memory Of silver sails that fled Like dreams across the waters, When the moon was overhead; Ah, they sing across the silences, This dreary winter day, Of the tenderness and splendor

At Storm Lake. O the summertime at Storm Lake-It rises to my eyes Like a half-remembered legend Of a day in paradise; It quivers in my fancy So deliriously sweet,

That it crumbles into odors

Of the summer flown away-

Of remembrance at my feet; And often in my daily toils, And in my nightly dreams, wander back to Storm Lake, Where the mellow moonlight beams, And hear again from laughing lips, And read in laughing eyes, The story that is ever sweet, Though not forever wise,

At Storm Lake. -James Newton Matthews.

Little Brown Cripple-A Child Rhyme. Little brown cripple where is your staff, And where are you journeying to? And what is the joy that makes you laugh, As you bob along, with a hop and a half As little brown cripples do?

'My staff it is thrown away, ha, ha! I've no need of a staff," quoth he, "I'm the happiest fellow that ever you saw. I've run away from my mother-in-law, And she's run away from me."

Little Brown Cripple, where is your coat, And where is your cap and vest? For the wind is blowing a wintry note And grip, that clutches one by the throat, Likes little brown crippies best.

"I am going South to the summer land, Where they dress in gossamer green, And the pink-eyed fairies at mornings stand With kilt and bonnet and plaid in hand, Which you slip on unseen."

Oh, little Brown Cripple, be wise and ware And return to thy home with speed, For the roads are rough and the hills are

And the wayside people have never a care

For a little Brown Cripple's need. Then the little Brown Cripple laughed low

And, unfolding his browny wings, He flew to the South, with a warbled song, Such as we hear when the blossoms

And the merry brown robin sings. New Castle, Ind. -Benjamin S. Parker.

. To A-I gazed on a beautiful sunset, 'Twas like a glimpse of paradise: And after the sun had sunk to rest. And all was gray far in the West-Still was the sun before my eyes.

I saw you once, beloved-And looked too long upon your face; For, now, though you are far away, I see your face by night and day, And others all seem commonplace. Indianapolis. -N. Y.

Piloted. The thistle floats a fairy bark On seas of silvery space; Though none may helm or rigging mark-Or its far moorings trace.

But hid within its cargo fine Are chart and orders clear; To bear it on, in storm or shine, Through voyage of the year. -Emma Carleton.

New Albany, Ind. The Oldest Game. Was it only croquet they played?

A flash of the eye,

A flush of the cheek, s ne asked, with a waiting

Was it only the chess they played?

A thrill of the rulse,
A faintness of heart, As he moved the bishop and cried "Check-And searched brown eyes for another fate.

Was it only these games they played? The games are all done, The balls laid away. The bishop stands by the conquered queen; The game was nothing to him, I ween.

All summer another game they played: Now they try to lay The playthings away,
But the pieces are altered and some are gone
From the side that lost to the side that won.

Heigho! for this oldest game they played, For each lost the same, A heart in the game; And now with the summer the game is done, And nothing is lost, for both have won. -Sarah Dawson Merrill.

Growth. I climb that was a clod; I run whose steps were slow;
I reap the very wheat of God
That once had none to sow.

Is joy a lamp outblown? Truth out of grasping set? But nay, for laughter is mine own: I knock and answer get.

Nor is the last word said. Nor all the battle done; Somewhat of glory and of dread Remains for set of sun.

Have I not scattered seed Shall ripen at the end? Old Age has more than I shall need, Death more than I can spend. -Lizette Woodworth Reese, in the Inde-

To Dorothy D .- Age 2. The sunshine, darling, is in your hair, And June is in your eyes, And all day long, your life's a song Like the tunes of Paradise The roses bloom, in sweet perfume About you everywhere, And the world you know-oh, it loves you

Is a world surpassing fair. But the little world that you know will

And when it does, my dear, May the rose still bloom in sweet perfume For you, thro' all the year: And all the while, may the sun still smile With a glow of Paradise; Each day a song, your whole life long-June always in your eyes.

-Marco Morrow, in Womankind.

Love's Pride. If all the world were thine, and I alone, Uncared for, desolate, my bread a stone, Thou shouldst not hear me utter one faint Nor ask for aught from thee, though I But if all were mine, and thou, dear heart, Didst know life's wee; and feel its cruel VORLD'S FA

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25 different styles in Velour Capes, full sweep, elegant \$35.00 fur trimming, beaded, latest cut, at..... A few choice Velour Capes, full sweep, handsomely \$25.00

trimmed, beaded, latest cut at

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arment a beauty and an the very latest things produced.	
Jackets	Capes
styles at\$4.00 styles at\$8.00 styles at\$15.00 and a complete assortment in all the new novelties and at all prices up to \$35.	50 different styles at

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Thanksgiving Day is near at hand, and no dinner will be served satisfactorily unless served from one of our elegant dinner sets. We have all the newest shapes and decorations in English Porcelain, German, Carlsbad, French, Haviland, Limoges and Redrons China. See our fine French China Don't miss seeing our elegant

Dinner Sets at \$15 Royal Blue Louis XV Dinner Set See our elegant French China at \$300-finest shown in the city. Dinner Sets at \$25 See our plain white Haviland

We have the finest display of Dinner Sets at \$28 Cut Glass in the city.

Tables and Chairs for Card Parties furnished FREE.

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We have bought all the high grade made-up stock of the largest manufacturers in the East, and will offer the entire lot during our Anniversary Week,

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Men's Overcoats in all qualities and all sizes, worth \$10, \$12 and \$13.50, at.....\$8.00 Men's Overcoats in all qualities and sizes, worth \$15, \$16.50 and \$18 at. . \$12.50 Large line in imported goods up to \$35.

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We deem it a pleasure to show you these beautiful things, and you will find it a pleasure to look at them. The prices—well, that's the last thing to consider, for they are extremely low.

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48-inch, quarter-sawed, oak top, highly polished, hand-carved, 8-foot Extension Tables, good value at \$20; Anniversary 8-foot Extension Tables, regularly worth

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45-inch, solid oak, highly polished, 8-foot
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Solid oak, 6-foot Extension Tables, full finished, regular retail price \$4. Our Anniversary Week price \$2.50 Dining Chairs

Elegant, hand-carved, polished oak, box-seat Diners, regular price \$2.25. Auniversary week price Each. \$1.50

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Dining Chairs, solid oak, cane seat, full finished, sold everywhere for \$1.25. Our price during Anniversary Week Each 90c Sideboards

50 Sideboards, solid oak, all quartered, rubbed and polished, 18x36 French plate mirror, best value ever offered for \$18. Our Anniversary Week price\$12.40

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